THE

PRELATEIAD;

OR, THE

Rape of the Holy Bottle.

A

HEROI-TRAGI-COMIC POEM.

Written in the Time of the late SPIRITUAL WARS.

LIBER MIRABILIS! PUBLICA TRITA MANU!

Non gaudent Martyres, quando ex illis pecuniis honorantur, in quibus paupere plorant.
St. CHRYSOST. Sup. MATTH.

Summum Pontificem etiam summum hominem esse, non æmulationi, non odio aut privatis affectionibus obnoxium.
TAC. ANNAL. Lib. 3.

——TANTÆNE ANIMIS CŒLESTIBUS IRÆ.
VIRG.

Je chante les combats, & ce Prélat terrible,
Qui par ses longs travaux, & sa force invincible,
Dans une illustre Eglise exerçant son grand cœur.
DESPREAUX.

I know thy works, and charity, and service, and faith, and thy patience, and thy works; and the laft to be more than the firſt, notwithſtanding I HAVE A FEW THINGS AGAINST THEE.
REV. 2. 19.

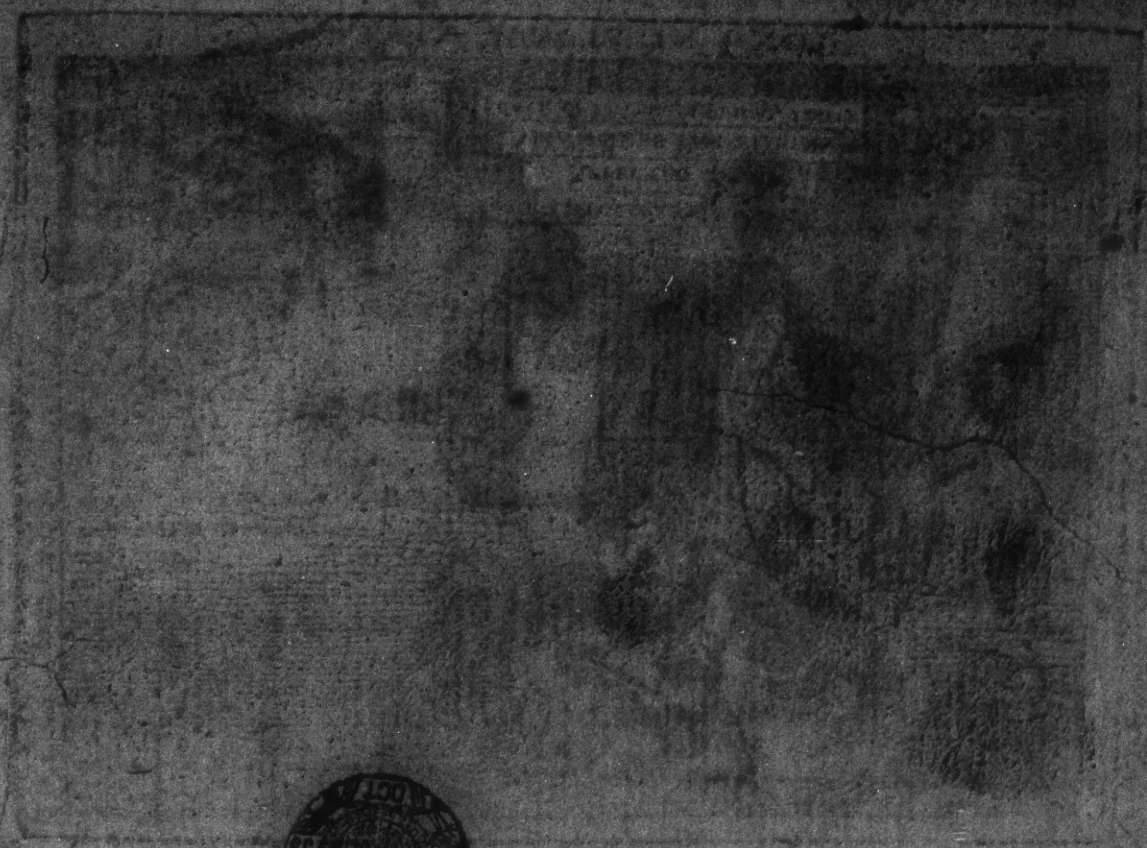
In THIS *Sign conquer!!!*

TRIA JUNCTA IN UNO.

All for the Church!!!

DUBLIN.

Printed by [illegible]



PICKERSGILL'S

HERO-TRAGI-COMIC POEM.

OR, THE

Battle of the Bells.

The Reverend RIGDUM RABELAIS!

To the Right Reverend! and Wrong Reverend!! and to all REVERENDS! to all Laymen and Others! unto whom theſe Presents may come———

HEALTH and Kind GREETING.

As also, *kind* Ortho-Doxies, *comfortable* Galligaskins, *clean* Shirts and *ready* Rhino!

MOST potent, grave, and Reverend SCRIBBLERS and SIGNORS! Fellow Labourers in the Vine Yard! and dearly beloved good Friends and Brethern! Whether *Dignified* CHRISTIAN, *Good* CHRISTIAN, *Anti*-CHRISTIAN, *Wet* CHRISTIAN, *Dry* CHRISTIAN, *Rum* CHRISTIAN, *Ugly* CHRISTIAN, *Heavy A—s'd* CHRISTIAN, or (if peradventure, and by Grace Especial, ſuch there be amongſt Ye!) *Something like a* CHRISTIAN!

PAR NOBILE FRATRUM!

VIDELICIT.

My L———D the B———P!!!

The Right Reverend Dr. B—T—R, Bishop in NUBIDUS!

THE moſt Reverend Franciſcine, and infallibly Pontifical A——R O'L——Y! with his Gad-Fly Legion of Commentators, Illuſtrators, Amplificators, Abbreviators, Alterators, Defamators, Delators and Damnators. (not forgetting the glorioufly Duncical O'Learied, orthe Salt-Petre and Brimſtone Eh! Pistol-O-rum! found (as Divine Providence would have it!) on the high Road leading from the City of CORK to the Village of CLOUGHNAKILTY.) The Rev. Dr. Sylvester C--P--LL, with his congregated Synodial Applauders. The Rev. Dr. Mambrino B---B---R. (ſirnamed the Shaver!) His moſt acute and redoubted rejoinderiſt the Rev. Melchisedeck B—RR—S. The Rev. Thomas Aquinas H——S, ſtyled by way of eminence, the Harmonic or Incomprehenſible Doctor!) The Rev. Pascal L——U: Theophilus the GREAT! Theophilus the Second (or the Illegitimate) Bucephalus E—S, Eſq; and the very facetious and judgmatical "Obſervations" of my cauſtically Juvenalian and jocoſely Horation, worthy chum and goſſip A——S G—PP--TH, Eſq. ALSO, the whole Tribe of Anonymites, *alias* Gaddites *to Wit!* The Rocheſterian, Millarian and Anti-Swadlerian Curates' "Few Seaſonable Obſervations". The Gibberian and Ste'nhold'an One anathemized in the C--H---L C-----H of C---E. The Combat of Prejudice. Tracts on Tythes by the Reverend Robert Broaderim, *Philomath*. Laymens' Letters, of all ſorts and ſizes, but to number which, the Logarithmetical Powers of Napier, were his dry *Bones* to "rattle" (as in the Viſion of Esdras) from their Cearment would be unequal. Laymens Letters, I say, from the "four Winds" of Leinster, Ulster, Munster, and *my own* Connaught! and ſo forth, and ſo forth, and ſo forth, to the end of the Chapter!—— —— ——Hem!——— Hem!——Hem! I have done!!!———thanks for all things! Hallelu! AMEN! AMEN! AMEN! So be it! Now my Right Reverend, and Reverend JOLLY COCKS! and you, my noble worthies, my LAY Compeers and Coadjutors! what ſay You? Are you not One and All under tranſcendent, unrequitable, and it may peradventure be, never to be acknowledged, obligation to me the Reverend RIGDUM RABELAIS, in as much as I in this diſintereſtedly generous, and charitably humane minutal, expl catal and perſpicatal beadroll and bunchy enumeration of your Pronomens, Cognomens, and one Trillion, Ninety-nine Million, Six Hundred Thouſand, ſeven Hundred and ſixty-nine times thrice holy, learned, pious and preciouſly Lutheranical Calviniſtical and Catholonical Apoſtolical Benidictical and Babeloniſh Labours, have for a ſhort ſeaſon, retarded their [illegible]efs to the [illegible]h of oblivion, whither they were rapidly (accelerating through the palpably obſcure, and moſt palpable Cimmerian Cimmephitic medium of Vandal Tobacconiſts, Grocers and Pastry Cooks, Taylors' Shops and Scouring Shops?!!! If you anſwer me No!!! S[illegible] The good will of the R[illegible]aſtor of Blarney ſhall be nevertheleſs Vale et M[illegible]

From my EPISCOPALLY [illegible]ED, SPIRITUALLY endowed, and TEMPORALLY unendowed, GODLY Pari[illegible] of Blarney in the Fields, where I daily pray for you ALL *in Articulo Mortis.*

VIVE MA BONNE MERE L'EGLISE! VIVE MYLORS LES EVEQUES! VIVE la BAGATELLE!!!

O VITA! STULTO BREVIS, SAPIENTI LONGA!

CANTANTES LICET USQUE (MINUS VIA LÆDAT) EAMUS,

VIRGIL.

O LIFE! HOW SHORT AND UNENJOY'D, TO FOOLS!

HOW TEDIOUS TO THE WISE THY LENGTHEN'D TOILS!

THEN SINGING LET US GO, WITH NUMBERS GAY

CHARMING THE RUGGED, LONG, FATIGUING WAY.

R. RABELAIS.

THE

TYTHEIAD.

TYTHES, and the Chief I ſing †, whom Britain ſpar'd
In happy hour, the Iriſh Church to guard
Who, as his great Precurſor * undiſmay'd,
'Gainſt Prieſts and Right-Boys urg'd the fierce Cruſade.
Dauntleſs I ſing, on riſing pinions borne,
And all the Munſter Wars my Song adorn.

And Thou, ——'s Mitred pride! accept the verſe,
That aims thy ſacred labours to rehearſe;
How can the Muſe from ſuch a ——e, ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the Church's weal!

† *Arma virumque cano*—VIRG.

* Peter the Hermit.

O ſkill'd, the thunders of that Church to wield,
And range unrivall'd, the Polemic field!
Hear! how from deep Oblivion's murky vale,
Thy glorious Acts departed Prelates hail!
Laud, *Bonner*, *Becket*;---each to Thee ally'd,
By ſtern intolerance and prieſtly pride.

But firſt, my ——D, 'ere yet the Church's Muſe,
The various ſubject of her flight purſues;
'Ere from ——'s Irish Sinai ventrous mounts,
Or quaffs at Blarney or Bethesdian founts;
May ſhe betimes to ——'s ſacred ear,
One anxious thought without preſumption bear!

Tho' (ever provident) the Church hath giv'n,
To her lov'd ſons the Portal keys of Heav'n;
And tho' (to pilfer from Pope's nervous line)
"Dullneſs is ſacred in a ſound divine,——"

Yet

Yet hath Apollo ſaid, " no rev'rend Aſs
" Shall drink at Helicon, or browſe Parnaſs';"
" Approach Ilyſſus' wave, in Tempe rove,
" Or in Lyceum's bow'rs, or Academus' Grove!"
Sad interdict! ſince then, my ——n, theſe lays,
However worthy Prieſts' or Prelates' praiſe,
Muſt ſhare with ——'s Works one common fate,—
The Muſe's bounded fame, ah! compenſate!
She ſpurns the common MEED of poets' lays,
On thy Polemic ſtock to graft her bays.

Dull, dull as Erebus, the Prieſtly ſtrain
Like fell Nonacris chills the Muſe's vein!
Ev'n now perhaps, ——'s labours are prepar'd,
Pullets to ſinge, or apple tarts to guard,——
Their ſad *plus ultra*, Kelly, Foote, or Fawcett,
Or viler fate! to ſtore a water-cloſet.

Since

Since then, the Muſe, her arduous labours loſt,
And each fond wiſh of Fame immortal croſt;
Give her to hope that ——'s lib'ral ſmile,
With fat Pluralities will crown her toil!
That Mother Church will, grateful for theſe lays,
With ſolid Pudding, balance lack of praiſe!
And to gull'd Laymen, or lean Paſtors leave,
Subſtantial goods on t'other ſide the grave,
Theirs the reverſion of eternal bliſs,
And *ours*, my ——, the ſure foretaſte in this.——
Sage Epicurus copy and adore,
And paſs in varied joy Life's fleeting hour.

The *INVOCATION.*

O Muse! that 'erſt to gay *Taſſoni*'s lyre
Attun'd a *Bucket's Rape*, your Bard inſpire;
That to keen *Deſpreaux*'s numbers lent your aid,
When his *Lutrin* the wily prieſt pourtray'd;

Launch'd

Launch'd Satire's weapons at th' exhauſtleſs hive
"Wh'on fat pluralities ſupinely thrive;"
THOU *Garth** with fav'ring influence deign'd to crown,
When civil diſcord ſhook HYGEIA's throne;
When each ſad undertaker's trade ſtood ſtill,
And, no deceaſe announc'd in Weekly Bill,—
Proclaim'd ſuſpenſion of the Doctor's ſkill.
THOU lively *Voltaire*† led'ſt to gay detail
Of Saint, of am'rous Aſs, and *La Pucelle*;
When truant *Charles* ſought from War's alarms,
The ſweet oblivion of his *Sorrell*'s charms.
In *Butler*'s‡ rhymes, deſcribe enthuſiaſt's drunk
"For Dame Religion, as for fav'rite punk."
Gave Pope§ to ſing *Belinda*'s fav'rite hair,
Which, cropp'd by Baron bold, enrag'd the fair,
Who wiſh'd the cruel raviſher to ſeize,
"Hairs leſs in ſight, or any hairs but theſe."

* Diſpenſary. † Pucelle d'Orleans. ‡ Hudibras. § Rape of the Lock.

Come then, my Muse, assist th' advent'rous rhyme,
Chill'd by the mists of this Bœtian clime,
Who knows what lucky chance these strains may bear,
If not to Kingly, yet to Ducal ear!----
Shew courtly Critics we can take a flight,
At least as high as *J-ph-n* can indite.

Sing then *How*------d, for our soul's salvation,
Rais'd Controversy's banner 'midst the nation;
While Priests and Jesuits preach up toleration!
How Irish Wives (but who's your voucher pray,
For this strange fact? sapient T----e* I say,
Whose nob, like *Ajax*'s seven-fold shield's--below
His length and vigour rivals *Teucer*'s bow.)
In pout, averse to matrimonial rite,
Subtract from Deary's usual dues at night,----
Not tender Turtles cooing procreation,
But cats resisting all incorporation.
How, till by Whiskey's lenient aid asswag'd
This Anti-Tytheing *influenza* rag'd.

* *Vide* certain Debates.

How,

How Laud's great Archetype with Paſt'ral ſtake,
Did Romiſh dunghills of Decretals rake;
From the rank maſs dragg forth *Ghilini*'s letter
(By miracle preſerv'd in juice of Cedar!)
Not keener ardour urging *Pococke*'s toil,
To draw forth mummies from Egyptian pile;——
——*ll* collate and ſift Monaſtic rubbiſh,
Then *Tomes* of venerable dullneſs publiſh;—
Or ——*y* in Carthaginian Iriſh;
To find affinity with Tartar gibberiſh;---
O'er Etymology his vigils keep;
"Sleepleſs himſelf to give his reader ſleep."
Or *Sylv. O'H ll-n** befogg'd in fable,
To trace our pedigree to Nod, or Babel;------

* M. R. I. A. which, ſince its inſtitution, has not, in its *collective* capacity, given a Publication on any ſubject to the Literary World!! A ſolemn deputation of the *Members* of this learned body, lately waited on his G——t to ſolicit the appropriation of the N——g——n H——e to its *uſe!* Whether his G——t's good ſenſe, in conſideration of the extraordinary merits of the Petitioners, dictated a prompt acquieſcence on this occaſion, has not yet tranſpired. But this moſt accompliſhed and heterogeneous aggregate, which, like the dropping Gooſe, is to diſtill forth the fat, the gravy, and the Elixir of Antiquity, Art, Science, and Polite Literature, reminds us of the famous *Bon Mot* of PIRON; which the curious Reader may find in "Memoires de Voltaire, par Dom Chaudon" p. 96. The "HISTORY of the IRISH BARDS, by J. C. Walker, Eſq; diſcovers indeed Genius, Senſibility and Taſte, much Erudition, a poliſhed ſtyle, and affords ſome curious details. It is however *tout enſemble* but an *amuſing* performance. The ſame ſubject treated by a Gray, a Mallet, or a Home, would have produced an *intereſting* one.

Or

Or ORDE purſue his ſalutary toil,
To make the SUN of SCIENCE 'lume our Iſle,
Tho' Prieſtly craft, and IGNORANCE profound,
And BIGOTRY's impervious miſts ſurround;——
Removing PREJUDICE's noxious root,——
Engrafting EDUCATION's lib'ral ſhoot;——
(From which, thro' each revolving age hath flow'd,
Or PRIVATE HAPPINESS, or PUBLIC GOOD,)
Be thine, ILLUSTRIOUS MAN! whoſe deeds reveal
The Stateſman's Wiſdom, and the Patriot's* zeal,
HIBERNIA's thanks! and grateful LEARNING raiſe
To thee, a monument of laſting praiſe,
Where'er her ray informs enlighten'd minds,
Or in a firmer tie MAN's SOCIAL UNION binds!
How, of the ——*p*'s Paſtoral Addreſs
Eight *long* Editions flow from teeming preſs,
How "CONFLUENCE great from Country UP to Town",
For Holy Tract were ſo impatient grown;

* Perhaps this word may be found to have a different acceptation in certain *Political Lexicons*, but, "if He", as Dr. Ferguſon aſks, *(Eſſay on Civil Society)* "whoſe endeavours tend to promote the welfare and happineſs of mankind, is *not* a PATRIOT, who is?"

That

That the poor publiſher, as I'm a ſinner,
Could ſcarcely gobble down a bit of dinner;
At length to *Ortho-Doxy* grown uncivil,
Wiſh'd ———, "*Confluence*", P——t, at the Devil!
Not ev'n the Binder's Females gain reſpite,
The ——*p* keeps them ſtitching day and night!
How Louis ſent, (or C———n are great liars,)
His miſſionary *Ecus'*, Prieſts and Friars.
How "RABID" ----*n*, in contention ſkill'd,
Scours (with the ———'s holy ſpirit fill'd,)
Thro' thick and thin the controverſial field,
Aſſert his title to Polemic fame,
And modeſtly a Sexton's honours † claim),
(Such honours as recorded horrours tell
Of *Naples'* Veſpers, or *St. Germains'** bell.)
———*d* aſſents, and raiſes high this ſtave,---
"*Bedloe and Oates ſhall in our* ------*n live!*"

† *Vide* Advertiſement to the laſt Edition of the D——'s Pamphlet.

* The ringing of the Bells of the Church of *St. Germain l'Auxerrois* at Paris, was the ſignal for the Maſſacre on the night of St. *Bartholemew*.

He ſung,——from both C—d—l Ch--pt's riſe,
Accordant voices to the wond'ring ſkies;
A band of Pariſh Clerks, renown'd in ſong,
In gutt'ral ſymphony the notes prolong;
Their long-ear'd brethern of the Tenter-Field,
Hoarſe intonation to the concert yield;
Dogs bark, Cats yell, Pigs grunt, and ſucking Calves,
Join with Concordance muſical their *aves!*
Till borne afar, tir'd echoes glad reſign,
At *E—ſc——l C———e* the ſounds divine.
How Popiſh plots were found in Jeſuit's breeches,
On *Cloughnakilty* road, in tubs, and ditches!
How Curate's (paſſing ſtrange!) conſiderate grown
For others ſouls, and heedleſs of their own;
From Sacramental rite and Pulpit run
T'enforce the holy text of ſword and gun!
Till *Mars*'s babes legitimate, confeſs'd
Th' out *Heroding* praiſe of ſanguinary prieſt!

How

How Romiſh Congregation left in lurch,
Throng'd *wholus bolus* in a pet to Church.
Preceded by a fidling one legg'd Nailor,
A broken-winded Piper,——noſeleſs Tailor;——
When in default of Pſalm and Organ, they
Lilted up *Langolee* and *Patrick*'s *Day!*
How *Centaur* Right Boys, at nocturnal hour,
To Parſ'nage Houſe in motley ſquadrons pour,
Seize blooming *Ruth*, (thy handmaid reverend *H—e!*)
And lay to view, her brawny *feſſes* bare;
(Which ſeem'd like full-orb'd moon in ſtarry field;
Greenwich's Dial, or *Satan*'s ample ſhield!)
Aſtride a vile Jack-Aſs the Damſel place,
(Alas! that *Right Boys* have nor ſhame nor grace!)
Whilſt (wriggling like a Hen on a hot griddle,)
Nettles and Furze buſh twang the nymph's bumfiddle.
How P--ct--rs wicked pelts by pitchforks hurried
By ſcribblers roundly clapper-claw'd and curried;
Then ram'd, like Cherokee, in piteous plight!
'Midſt 'Teta trench the t--e c---ct--g wight:——

Egregious

Egregious *Graham*, (as fam'd *Henley* great,)
Thus up to's chin in Hampſtead, or in Highgate.
Of various Natures, ſecret wonders tells,
Thro all her Works the pow'r prolific hails,——
And from his kindred clods new birth inhales *.
Myſterious rite! enjoin'd in *Plato*'s page,
Practis'd by *Numa*, and the *Samian* ſage;
(By thee Rome's Legiſlatour vig'rous woo'd,
His lov'd *Egeria* in the Tuſcan wood.)
By *Cardan*, *Paracelſus* and *Van Helmont*,
And by, (or rumour fibs) ——*e* ——*l of* ——*ll*——*t*;——
Truth ſays, however, that with certain *Rufa's*,
His L——p ſometimes ſports *Celeſtial Sofas*.
How ——l ——*ll*, with two thouſand men,
March'd to the S——h, and then march'd back again;—
But let us halt awhile, celeſtial Goddeſs!
To tell what devaſtation mark'd their progreſs:
Hen-rooſt aſſail'd, and by *manœuvre* rum,
Gooſe, Sucking-Pig, and Pullet cramm'd——in Drum,

* *Vide* The Doctor's Advertiſement in the *Morning Herald*.

Smicket

Smicket, Shirt, Apron, Petty', Maiden, Caps,
Raviſh'd alike, by regimental raps;——
An old Hen-Wife complain'd to *L——ll*'s Chaplain,
(Her Chickens hungry ſoldier had been grabbling;)
He, hot from toaſting *Mere des Saintes* at meſs,
And blind as *Chloe*, *Petulant*, or *Saygrace*;
Inſiſts on function ſacerdotal,——tenths,——
And with the Matron would have gone to great lengths;
But ſhe in *Sanctum Sanctorum* offended,
Tongue, Tooth, and Nail, the cover'd way defended;
Swearing ſhe'd die like *Alban*'s Nuns, or *Clare*,
Ere this *Girard* ſhould make a lodgment there;——
In vain th' aſſailant tries alternate aid,——
Sap, *Elliot*'s red hot balls, faſcine, and enfilade;——
'Till finally beat off, this Cleric *Naſo*,
Exclaims, like diſappointed *amoroſo*,
" D--n the old Cat! what! kick againſt the Pricks!
" Oppoſe *Moſaic* Law! and *L----ll*'s Tactieks!"
Bantlings unnumber'd ſown, the ſpurious pledges
Of GEORGE's *Heroes* under *Munſter* hedges;——

Who reſtitution make for acre grubb'd up,
In *tythe* of Grenadier for whopping turnip ;——
Forts *Sheebeen* carry,—garriſon'd by *Tartars*,
And by the rules of war beat up their quarters ;
Maidens affrighted as their whiſkers enter ;
Run, like Opoſſums, to the Mother's venter ;——
" *Avaſt !——the* THING *is not in Nature's pow'r !*"
Well,—granted, granted,—'twas a monſtrous *bore !*
Soldiers dead——drunk ! defeat without a ſcar !
" *Pride, pomp and circumſtance of* GLORIOUS WAR ! !*"

VIEW the fair S—h, by lib'ral Nature bleſt,
Where all her richeſt gifts the genial pow'r atteſt ;
But more obſervant, view the proſpect near,
Want's meagre aſpect, mis'ry's train appear,
And Man the only wretched object here.
Here *view* (by complicated woe controul'd)
Heav'n's primal curſe † on Man, fulfill'd TENFOLD !
View, from the riſing, to the ſetting Sun,
His anxious hours in one ſad tenour run ;

* OTHELLO. † GENESIS. Chap. 3, V. 19.

Feeling

Feeling, from day to day, in tort'ring ſcope,
Thy heart-depreſſing gloom, PROTRACTED HOPE!
View delegated tyrants urge his toil,
While DISTANT Satraps wanton in the ſpoil;
View pamper'd CH--H--N, 'midſt voluptuous cheer
Carouſe, and preach up CHRIST'S NO KINGDOM HERE!
View ſwarms of baneful Locuſts in their train,
"USURP THE LAND, AND DISPOSSESS THE SWAIN!!!"

HERE had *Rouſſeau*, (who ſuch themes idoliz'd)
Beheld his *ſtate of Nature* realiz'd;——
When "*in each other's lot no diff'rence made,*
"*Man walk'd with beaſt, joint tenant of the ſhade,*
"*The ſame his table, and the ſame his bed.*†"
The churliſh Sage, who BRED by *Crate*'s rules,
Lanthron in hand, amongſt Athenian fools
Search'd for a Man,——might in ſuch regions find
Scenes quite congenial to his Cynic mind.

* Goldſmith. † Pope.

Here

Here in a wigwam of nine feet by three,
The M——r Peaſant coops his family ;
Which ent'ring by a narrow aperture,
That ſerves at once for Window, Chimney, Door ;
See Father, Daughter, Son and Mother bundled,
Cow, Pig, Calf, Cat and Dog promiſcuous jumbled ;
There vegetating, ſcarce diſtinction know,
Like Savages in *Terra del Fuego.*

Now Night o'er half the globe had ſpread her veil ;
The Clock had went the hour CANONICAL ;——
Now Cits, at Tavern met to piſs and prate,
Their heads adjourn, and then adjuſt the ſtate ;——
Whilſt yawning, eyes half clos'd, the drowſy waiters,
Wiſh at the Devil both ſtate and legiſlatours ;——
Now with gay Meſdame, claſp'd in ſtol'n embrace,
The vig'rous Prentice fills his Maſter's place ;——

Now

Now Alma Maters' Sons push round the bottle,
(Their *moving* Sun by law of Ariſtotle,)
Then ſallying forth, in order Per'patetick,
Like Malayans run a muck, and hoſtile lamps break;—
Now Venus' Cruiſers, poop bedizen'd, take
Th' unballaſted Sailer in their dang'rous *wake*;—
Now ſlighted Lovers dream of wiſh'd-for charms,
And melt in viſionary *Delia*'s arms.——
Now longing, ripe, unconſcious Maids complain,
And knaw (as *Congreve* ſays) the ſheets in vain;——
Now Aldermen, from City Feaſt replete,
Sleep, Cuſtard charg'd, and ev'n in ſleeping eat;——
And He, who now invokes the humbler Muſe,
Pale Science by the watch of night purſues;——
When ——'s fam'd P——L——E rul'd the feſtive night,
Protracting late the genial banquet's rite;
The genial banquet gen'rous plenty own'd,
But chief, the loaded board, Potatoes* crown'd;
Whate'er of culinary ſkill refin'd
Mequignon's, *Farley*'s, *Raffald*'s, *Merle*'s combin'd,
In this coleſtial meſs the Church *Apicius*' find.

* A ſtanding Diſh in the Refectory of C——E.

Bak'd into various forms the root divine,
Quadrate, or round, or octagon, or trine ;——
All *Ceylon*'s ſpicy gifts its moiſture mends,
And *Kyan's* Pep! its cock-tail virtue lends ;
Theſe *Oleus* Butter tempers, and again
Lachrymæ Chriſti, *Roſa*, * or Champaigne !
A—r of taſte congenial with ——'s ——p,
For am'rous feats renown'd, and now for ſoft encounters
UP ;
By gen'rous *Burgundy*'s gay juice inſpir'd,
For his lov'd root with fond devotion fir'd,
(As Father *Dominic* did 'erſt SIR LOIN)
His benediction gives the plant divine ;——
And loud declares ('mongſt other holy *datas*,)
" *Deucalion*'s † generative ſtones were Tetas !
" Divine POTATOE ! *Graham*'s honours thine!
" Prolific PSYCHE ! CELESTIAL BEDS divine !
" And the proud boaſt of am'rous *Aretine* !

* So called from a capacious Room in the Public Cellar at *Bremen*, (famous for its *Old Hock*) in which is depoſited Wine, as they ſay, 180 years old, and for which they aſk ſeven Dollars (or 25s.) a Bottle.

† DEUCALION's Flood formed as memorable and uſeful an Epoch in Greek and Roman Chronology as that of NOAH did in the Jewiſh, and ſince in our own. *Vide* the Fable (of DEUCALION I mean) in *Ovid*.

" Queen

" Queen of the vig'rous joy, *Enothea!* thee,
" Love's ſacred pow'rs pre-eminent decree;
" The batter'd Rake, whoſe ſapleſs members bear,
" In fad diſplay the *fortune de la guerre*;
" Not ev'n th' enkindling touch of beauty's hand,
" Can bring the ſhrinking coward to a ſtand;
" 'Till thou, bleſt Plant! SATYRION of our Iſle,
" Prepares th' inſpirited Champion for the toil;—
" As of decrepitude the pow'r to brave,
" *Medea*'s Kettle to old *Æſon* gave!
" The potent ſpring"—here HORNS were heard afar,
And ſhouts, and loud laments, and mingled war;—
Uproar! as when contending, *Homer*'s Gods
Made *Pluto* tremble in his deep abodes;
Or when *Jove*'s enginry diſcharg'd, and all
The rebel Titans bellow'd in their fall; ——
" No T—TH--S! no P--CT--S! D--M--G L--CH—S!"
Upheld 'midſt loud huzzas, groans, yells and hiſſes;
Ears prick'd up, hair on end, mute horrour chill'd,
And dire diſmay the ſad aſſembly fill'd;
Not more affrighted ſtands the Traveller,
When Indian War Whoop vibrates on his ear;—

Not

Not with more horrour the laſt Trumpets' ſound,
" *Rolls the wide circuit of Creation round,*"
Not greater horrour *Hogarth's* Fidler feels,
When diſcord on his wounded tympan thrills;——
Nor Giants, when " The Knight of Oracle"
Sounds magic horn, and Princeſs frees from Baſtille;——
Not with more horrour terrify'd *Macbeth*
Sees " bloody-bolter'd" *Banquo* riſe from Death;——
Sees *Hecates'* pow'r futurity unveil,
Preſenting *Fleances'* race in dire detail;——
Nor when Sir *Peter* in chaſte *Joſeph's* ſtudy
O'er turns the fatal ſcreen, and ſees " *My Lady!*"——
All proſtrate, raiſe to Heav'n th' averting ſtrain,
And pray, like Sailors in a hurricane;——
When lo! the doors recoiling, open flew,——
A hideous form ruſh'd onward to their view;——
Hideous and ſtrange as that embodied ſprite
Which *Priam's* curtain drew at dead of night,
Whoſe *tout enſemble* could no ſemblance prove
To aught in earth, in hell, or heav'n above!!

His human face divine, his comely beard,
With ordure vile polluted and beſmear'd!
His holy garb in ſtrife unhallow'd tore!——
And (ſight obſcene!) his *ſmall-clothes* rent before!
Whilſt his torn caſſock, flutt'ring in the wind,
His ſacred breech to vulgar ken reſign'd!

Breaking the horrid ſilence thus the Prieſt
In falt'ring ſpeech his terrours now expreſs'd;——

" HEAV'NS! can you thus in Epicurean ſtate,
" At this dread CRISIS on the banquet wait?----
" A CRISIS pregnant with the Church's fate!
" Ev'n now that Church ſuccumbs to lawleſs pow'r——
" And this,-----be vain my fears! her fatal hour!
" Heard ye that horrid blaſt!—again! ev'n now
" The mitre totters on each Prelate's brow!
" Fly! fly! they come!----" In dire ſuſpenſe and dread,
All ſtood, MEZENTIUS' like,——half quick, half dead.
At length great --W--D the long ſilence broke,
And thus to his convened COMPATRIOTS ſpoke.

" O YOU! by " Providence divine!" become
" The mitred rulers of HIBERNIAN ROME!

" Then

" Who ſway, (from wielding magiſterial birch,)
" In Epiſcopal plenitude, the Church!
" Whoſe wayward ſons deſert her, or deride,
" Whilſt Popiſh foes aſſail on ev'ry ſide!
" Accurs'd V—LL—Y! C—NN—R! W—LK—R, B—UP—T!
" With GEB'LIN! USHER! POWNALL! WARE! and
" BOCHART!
" Who labour Punic jargon to revive,
" And vulgar ſpeech and cuſtoms keep alive!
" O! that this enemy to reformation,
" To morals, manners, and the ſoul's ſalvation,
" Was ſafe conſign'd to utter annihilation!
" Now as IRENÆUS 'erſt in Narbonne Gaul,——
" Or ORIGEN in Afric's Capitol;
" We try our holy truths t' extend in vain,
" Nay, ſcarcely can our tott'ring ſtate maintain!
" Better on miſſion ſent to Creek or Calmuck!
" To Chineſe, Caffre, Caribb, Turk, or Mam'luck!——
" To eat the marmalade of Tartar LAMA;——
" Or kiſs the Priapus of Indian BRAMA!
" Of this no more!——our pow'r the foe ſhall own!
" And Rome's proud PONTIFF tremble on his throne!
" Proſtrated Chapel! Image! Altar! fall!
" And one tremendous ruin bury all!

" Then

" Then, let Rome's votaryes ſeek ſome new abode,——
" Or hymn,—by CATO's rules, * their gen'ral God!
" Their canopy, heav'n's cope,——their floor,——the ſod!
" Lay Rome, with her flagitious LEIGHTONS low!——
" Crop, Caſtrate! Decimate! each ſtubborn foe!
" Launch all our thunders! Every danger brave!
" From ſacrilegious hands our rights to ſave!
" Our CANONS point! Embrue with blood the ſoil!!
" Erect the STANDARD!! DEDICATE the PILE!!!
He ſaid —— and all loud acclamations raiſe,
And voice to voice reſounds great W——D——'s praiſe:
Who huſky grown from ſuch a long oration,
Gulph'd down his throat divine, a large Libation,
To —GN—N then the mitred Chief addreſs'd
The ſecret councils of his anxious breaſt:——
" O THOU! redoubted Chief! thyſelf a hoſt!
The Church's pillar! and Sabrina's boaſt!
" That Church by force aſſail'd, by wiles betray'd,
" Demands, great --GN--N! your immediate aid!
" Time preſſes! fate impends! Yet, hear me ſtate
" Thoſe ample honours that your toils await!——
" Know then,——when --T—FFE is by fav'ring pow'rs
" Call'd to the ſleep of his progenitours;——
" Then ſhall my —GN—N in new honours ſhine,
" And T-P—'s envied ermine ſhall be thine!

* Quid quæri LABIENI jubes? &c.

LUCAN PHARS.

" Great

" Great is the danger,—greater yet the boaſt
" T' attempt the camp of yonder adverſe hoſt!
" Enough!——your lov'd aſſociate T——T is here!
" And him I nominate your bold compeer.
" TYDIDES thou! He, ſage ULYSSES! go,
" Their numbers,—diſpoſition,—chiefs,—to know.
" Happ'ly you may, 'midſt BLARNEY's devious ways,
" Some ſtraggling DOLON intercept and ſeize,——
" With praiſe eternal thus your labours crown,——
" And with the CHURCH's HONOURS blend YOUR OWN!!
" RIGHT-BOYS ſhall hang! INSURGENT HAY-RICKS blaze
" In ſpiry volumes to the ſkies your praiſe!
" Rubricks record it, high-rais'd Anthems ſing,—
" And C——E's Cathed. with choral plaudits ring,
" Yet 'ere amidſt the hoſtile bands you go,
" And face the various dangers of the foe——
" As careful THETIS in Vulcanian arms
" Sent forth Achilles 'midſt the war's alarms——
This ſaid, the P—LA—E ſhed ſuch ſaline ſhow'r
As Prieſt's Caffrarian on their vot'rys pour;——
Well-pleas'd the Chiefs inhale the precious ſtreams,——
Precious as DENNIS's heav'nly Oil at Rheims!——
Gladſome the Delegates great C——E obey,
And to the Camp of Blarney take their way.

THE END.

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